LUDGROVE HALL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

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THE CHRONICLE

published by

THE SENIORS
TUDOR HALL
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

TO MISS McKEE IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION
OF ALL SHE HAS DONE FOR TUDOR AND
FOR US . . . WE, THE CLASS OF 1931 . . .
DEDICATE THIS CHRONICLE

THE FACULTY

Front Row: Miss Ida Litwhiler, Miss Charlotte Thompson, Miss Beulah Humphrey, Miss May Mackenzie, Miss Hazel McKee, Miss Elizabeth Chipman, Mrs. Hendrickson, Mrs. Thayer, Mrs. Hutchison.

Second Row: Miss Lillian Reeves, Miss Helen Rowe, Mme. Chamilovitch, Miss Lucille Chaffee, Miss Helen Nowels, Mrs. Ives, Miss Dorothy McCullough, Miss Pauline Wilson.

Back Row: Miss Martha Gill, Miss Marguerite Slawson, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Ruth Wells, Miss Lois Haber, Mr. Pfohl, Mrs. Rynerson, Miss Christine Kinnaird, Miss Bertha Ellis, Miss Marion White, Miss Emily Rood.

Absent: Miss Helen Shepard, Miss Maud McConnell.

MISS I. HILDA STEWART

Principal Elect

B. A. Radcliffe Ed. M. Harvard

We extend a cordial welcome to Miss Stewart, who comes to us from Cambridge-Haskell School, Cambridge, Mass.

SCHOOL

SENIORS

(Portraits by Photocraft)

SARAHANNE ADAMS

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was President of the Freshman class. She was the "romantic villain" of the Junior play.

She has been jumping center on the basketball team and was on the Literary Staff of the Chronicle.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Wonder where my book is?
She thinks about a certain young man who drives a foreign car and wonders if his thoughts are foreign or for Sally.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

She's just Sally Adams—'nuff said.

JANET BLISH

Seymour, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She had charge of Properties in the Senior play.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

That'll be nice!
Me in my condition!
Oh—wah!

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Jan is the "spice of life" of the Senior class. Her pep is irrepressible — even in Study Hall.

LOUISE HAYS BLOCK

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She has worn a P. T. all her life.

She was on the Literary Staff of the Chronicle.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Wellesley and I should get along beautifully together.

Cincinnati is certainly conveniently situated—that is, for me and my Coupe.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

We're for her because she's—

Full of fun, with plenty of charm, and always the same.

SUZANNE BOWERFIND

Fort Wayne, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She resigned the Presidency of the Qui Vive Sorority and the Philalethian Literary Club in Fort Wayne to become Tudor's House President.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

I wonder what Blish and I can think up next?

What, haven't I got a special today?

In the Hearts of her Mates:

She is carrying on the Bowerfind tradition and is the youngest of three sisters to attend Tudor.

She possesses that enviable trait often called "subtle humor."

(Portraits by Photocraft)

(Portraits by Photocraft)

ANNA MARIE BROWN

Oshawa, Canada

In the Ship's Log:

She came from Oshawa, Canada, and is the Brown of the Brown-Henchel team. The combination has co-operated wonderfully in convincing Tudor that Canada is one of "the only" places to live.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Culver dances—and perfume—and chocolate eclairs.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Sufficient to say that her nickname is "Sis," her hair very curly, and her smile broad.

And she plays the accordian beautifully—just as a hobby.

CHARLENE BUCHANAN

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was a capable Business Manager of the Crown and part-time Advertising Manager of the Chronicle.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

I wonder if Bill will come for me today.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

She knows what she wants and she knows how to get it.

You can depend on Sunny.

KATHRYN LEE BURR

Pawhuska, Oklahoma

In the Ship's Log:

She was one of the principal members of our basketball team, and won many honors in athletics.

She was President of the Athletic Association.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Will Rogers and I will have to put Oklahoma on the map.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Here's to more girls from Oklahoma—if they all prove as attractive as Kay.

ELIZABETH CARR

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was on the Sophomore and Junior basketball teams.

She took the part of the beautiful Joan in the Junior play.

She has held a permanent place on the honor roll.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Oh, I couldn't be bothered with that.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

We hope that college lives up to her expectations.

(Portraits by Photocraft)

(Portraits by Photocraft)

NANCY JANE CARTER

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She displayed her unusual ability for acting in the Junior play.

She was an earnest member of the Student Council.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Nobody knows my real soul.

Analyzing people is fun.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Since her arrival, our information concerning Asheville and points South has increased 100%.

AMELIA CHEEK

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She came to us from Virginia and spent a good part of her time in Florida.

This year she sold Chronicles to the Lower School.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

I hope the Family won't object—

In the Hearts of her Mates:

We've never seen such gorgeous eyes—anywhere, at any place, or any time.

(Portraits by Photocraft)

JANE DIDDEL

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

Jane came to Tudor after three years at Shortridge to prepare for Wells.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

She goes everywhere, sees everything, knows everyone.
(Therefore her mind ought to be pretty well occupied.)

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Jane's vivaciousness is one of her greatest charms.
It didn't take her long to become "one of us."

IRMA FRANCES DRAKE

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

Irma played guard on the basketball team. In her Senior year she held with equal success the two offices of Social Secretary and Art Editor of the Chronicle.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

I'm sorry—I can't come. I have a date.
I have to go to Stafford's after school.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

A good student, efficient, independent—oh well! we could go on and on—

(Portraits by Photocraft)

KATHRYN EWING

Wichita, Kansas

In the Ship's Log:

She was on the Editorial Staff of the Chronicle.

As the social climber, she was excellent in the Senior play.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

I think I'll start doing up my hair—and determine in advance whether or not I'll go to the gym class this afternoon.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

She is one of the live-wires of the Senior class.

But when she's in a mood for serious talking—look out!

We wish she'd come to Tudor sooner.

CECILY FLETCHER

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was Social Secretary her Freshman and Sophomore years.

She was one of the Assistant Art Editors of the Chronicle.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

My hair is beautiful.

Wonder if Sally will invite me to luncheon this noon?

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Cecily always has a "bon mot" at the right moment.

She has obligingly decorated the covers of our books with her characteristic sketches.

HELEN JEAN GOLDSMITH

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was the News Editor of the Crown. As the "bouncing twin" in our Senior play she "stopped the show." And who will ever forget her as that elegant sheriff in our Junior play?

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Well, I have three singing lessons a week
and all these books to read so—
But Miss Mackenzie, I couldn't help it!

In the Hearts of her Mates:

With her love for the stage, her histrionic ability and beautiful voice, well, we'll see you in Grand Opera, Jean!

ALICE GREEN

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was the handsome hero Hugh in "The Goose Hangs High" and also took part in the Junior play.
She was on the Junior basketball team and on the Advertising Staff of the Chronicle.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

I'll simply have to get Mark to help me with my Physics tonight.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Whenever there's anything to laugh at, Ally is right on the spot.

(Portraits by Photocraft)

(Portraits by Photocraft)

FRANCES HAIGHT

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was the able Treasurer for the Chronicle.

As "Dr. Markowitz" in the Junior play, she displayed her linguistic fluency.

She played guard on the basketball team.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Don't you need some gas?

Wasn't he darling?

In the Hearts of her Mates:

She is a born manager.

MARION ALICE HAMM

Goshen, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

Marion captured oratorical and declamatory prizes in Goshen High School before coming to Tudor.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

See you at B's!

Come on Anna Marie—it's 3:30.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

AW, Marion, tell us a story!

ELIZABETH HEISKELL

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

"Bicky" is one of the veterans of Tudor. She spent most of her time this year selling Chronicles to the teachers.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Delts or Phi Delts—they're all the same to me.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Whoever heard of anyone not liking "Bicky?"

ELEANOR HENCHEL

Windsor, Canada

In the Ship's Log:

She blew down from Windsor, Canada, because she decided that U. S. schools, and particularly Tudor, wouldn't be bad training for Wellesley.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Heavens! Which shall it be,
Charlie, Don, Carl, or Ted?

In the Hearts of her Mates:

She's lucky in possessing that "certain way" of wearing her clothes.

Wonder if she'll follow that career or come to agree with Ruskin?

(Portraits by Photocraft)

(Portraits by Photocraft)

JANET ADAIR HOLLIDAY

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She left Tudor her Junior year but, feeling the call of her Alma Mater too strong, she returned to graduate.

She was the part-time Advertising Manager of this book.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

But my dear—I've simply got to get to Smith!

Fl-e-t-ch-e-r-r-r-r! ! !

In the Hearts of her Mates:

She looks like such a demure little thing, strutting that Greek profile around, but we know differently.

MARY ELLEN HOLLOWAY

Logansport, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was Assistant snapshot editor of the Chronicle.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

What time is it?

That bell should have rung five minutes ago.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

We know those big brown eyes will continue to captivate Sam and give him many worries.

LUCY JANE LINK

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was kind, old "Uncle Peter" in the Junior play.

She always turns out for baseball.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

We're going riding—want to go?

I'll be ready in about an hour. I just have my hair to do.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Lucy's always happy—you simply can't be mournful around her.

She likes to ride and spends lots of time with "Reddy."

MARJORIE LYNN

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She has gone all the way through Tudor and was on the Advertising Staff of the Chronicle.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

I wish I could talk faster and say more in less time.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Physics may get harder and harder but Marjorie always gets that 98.

She's a second Floyd Gibbons.

(Portraits by Photocraft)

(Portraits by Photocraft)

MARTHA JANE MAYER

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She played forward on the basketball team and was Captain in her Sophomore year. She made an excellent Junior President, and was Treasurer of the Athletic Association.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Pine Manor next year will be a change if nothing else.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Mart is a "sweet child."
Speaking of males, how does she do it?

FRANCES MEEKS

Muncie, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

Frances is a Post-Graduate preparing for Sweet Briar.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

What a lot of nice things there are—like candy—and good shows—and music—and good jokes. . . .

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Frannie has not been given her nickname "Happy" for nothing.

She plays the piano beautifully—and accommodatingly.

LAURA LOUISE METZGER

Lebanon, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She has served as the Editor-in-Chief of the Crown and also as the Vice-President of the Residence.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

How nice "Morry" sounds when spoken in a soft tone.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

Found at last: a satisfying combination of pep and seriousness.

RUTH NEELY

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She came to Tudor for her Senior year, and became typist to the "Crown."

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Others come first.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

We like the way she reads French.
She has a keen sense of humor.

(Portraits by Photocraft)

(Portraits by Photocraft)

BARBARA OAKES

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was the Literary Editor of the Chronicle.

She wrote Editorials for the Crown her Junior year.

Her short stories and serials have now become famous.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Vassar shouldn't be a bad place to spend the next four years.

It's a funny world—but why try to change it?

In the Hearts of her Mates:

If you want something done, go to Bobbie. She'll do it, and do it right!

PAULINE JANE REDDING

Mattoon, Illinois

In the Ship's Log:

She came from Mattoon to portray ably the shocked but indulgent "Granny" of our play.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Now I ask you—

In the Hearts of her Mates:

She sets an Example for the rest of us by being the only member of our class to take her lessons too seriously.

EVELYN VIRGINIA ROBERTS

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was Vice-President of the Sophomore class and made a competent Senior President.

She portrayed her role in our Senior play splendidly.

She has been a guard on the basketball team four years.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

My kingdom for a comb!

Girls, we've simply got to make a go of Student Government.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

We admire her determination and will-to-succeed.

JEAN ALICE SHAVER

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She came from Colorado to become Captain of the Senior basketball team.

As Ron in the Senior play she was always "Right" there.

She was on the Literary Staff of the Chronicle.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Entertaining Senior Study Hall takes up a lot of my time—No foolin'!

In the Hearts of her Mates:

She may be a Rosebud to someone else, but she's "no mean Shaver" to us.

(Portraits by Photocraft)

(Portraits by Photocraft)

MARY LOUISE SHIRK

Muncie, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

Mary Lou was one of the Literary Editors of the Chronicle.

The remembrance of her Swedish accent in the Junior play still makes us laugh. "It bane oust grand!"

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Who wants to argue?

In the Hearts of her Mates:

If you're not sure about that History date—go to Mary Lou. She'll tell you all about it. Gestures included.

JEANNE CLAIRE SMITH

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was a prominent member of the basketball team and was Captain in her Junior year.

As a Senior she was President of the Student Council and Vice-President of the class.

She was on the Advertising Staff of the Chronicle.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

I'm sorry but I won't be able to come—we're going to Greenfield.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

It may be Washington or it may be DePauw; but whichever she chooses—well, it's a lucky school!

MILDRED SPURGEON

Muncie, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

Under her management the Senior play was accredited one of the best in years.

She was Snap-shot Editor of the Chronicle. She was the hero "Clem" in the Junior play.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

. . . Wonder what Harry could be doing —I haven't heard from him all day. . . .

In the Hearts of her Mates:

She possesses the smoothest black bob in Tudor and more pep than she knows what to do with.

RUTH GLADYS STREET

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

Ruth is the only girl in the class who has acquired the faculty of getting her studies done—without noise and without fuss.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

School isn't the big bother it's cracked up to be.

Tell me, do you think it's getting any longer? Is it?

In the Hearts of her Mates:

What's the main attraction in Detroit?

(Portraits by Photocraft)

ELIZABETH TAGGART

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She came here from Emma Willard and was the Business Manager of this book.

She dramatized the difficult role of Bernard in the Senior play.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

"57 Varieties."

Bay City.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

We've found out that under all that seriousness and solemnity Lib's a very—well, quite a different person.

DOROTHY ANNE THOMAS

Paris, Illinois

In the Ship's Log:

She was Treasurer of the Residence.

In the Senior play she took the part of "Aunt Julia" with ability.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Ah—another letter. . . . Oh, I know him! . . .

What a week-end!

In the Hearts of her Mates:

When they see her, "What a blonde!"

When they know her, "And is she fun!"

(Portraits by Photocraft)

RUTH THOMAS

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was the heroine of the Junior play and as "Dagmar" shone in the Senior play.

She was on the Business Staff of the Crown her Junior year and wrote the Prize Story.

She was Editor-in-Chief of this Chronicle.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Oh, to play tennis like Helen Wills and have a speaking voice like Ruth Chatterton's!

In the Hearts of her Mates:

How we admire her ability!

She's a real all round girl.

JEANNETTE SUE THOMS

Connersville, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was our efficient class Treasurer in her Junior and Senior years.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Oh, for a Man!

In the Hearts of her Mates:

She held down the world's most thankless job.

Her impersonation of a "hard-boiled guy" in our plays was perfect.

(Portraits by Photocraft)

(Portraits by Photocraft)

JANE LOUISE WANDS

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She was on the Editorial Staff of the Crown her Junior year and on the Chronicle her Senior year.

She played basketball her Senior year.

Hers has been a sure name on the honor role.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

Well, girls, all my lessons are done for tonight! Now what shall I do?

In the Hearts of her Mates:

How can she get such good marks when she spends so much time "playing?"

MARY PAXTON YOUNG

Indianapolis, Indiana

In the Ship's Log:

She whirled through the Senior play as the very modern Lois and also took part in the Junior play.

She was one of the Assistant Art Editors of the Chronicle.

In her Treasure Chest of Thoughts:

California ought to be an inspiration to any aspiring artist.

In the Hearts of her Mates:

She has supplied us with candy, gum, and magazines during many otherwise dull study hours.

JUNIORS

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

ISABEL MORRIS,
President

ELIZABETH HALL,
Vice-President

BETTY NOLAND,
Treasurer

MONA TAGGART,
Social Secretary

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

I am dying, Jumper, dying,
  Ebbs this P. T. fast away,
For the faculty's decided
  On a finis to my day.
From my story learn a lesson,
  Quiet thine exulting heart;
As I leave these halls of Tudor
  Let me warn thee ere we part:

Once was I as proud as thou art,
  Basking in the hearts of all,
But as I from heights have fallen
  Surely thou wilt also fall.
So refrain from scornful laughter,
  If 'tis I who feel put out,
Some day not so very distant
  You'll get yours beyond a doubt.

Now no longer screams the eagle
  That's embroidered on my sleeve,
But for all your natty newness
  Comes a day when you will grieve.
Still my pleated skirt is pleading
  For a tear from girlish eyes,
And my braid with ink is bleeding
  As the Peter Thompson dies.

JUDY CHAMBERS, 1932.

JUNIOR CLASS

LEFT TO RIGHT

Front Row: Marjorie Kitselman, Elizabeth Hall, Isabel Morris, Mona Taggart, Betty Noland, Judy Chambers.

Second Row: Catherine Louise Vogel, Betty Wysong, Joan Aufderheide, Bessie Ann Barskin.

Third Row: Evelyn Moore, Judy Hall, Frances Helene Petri, Alma Lyon, Gretchen Grant.

Fourth Row: Suzanne Spurgeon, Laura Sherrick, Estelle Rauh Burpee, Ruth Noblitt.

Back Row: Esther Jane Throckmorton, Alice Fulton, Eleanor Frantz, Mary Alice Moore.

Absent: Diana Dietz, Edith Mann.

HAPPY FEET

JUNIORS ALL!

AFTER CHURCH

SOPHISTICATION?

COQUETTE

LET'S GO TO B'S

ON WITH THE SPREAD

WHERE WAS THE CAMERA

SMILES

JAUNTY I'D SAY

SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

RUTH LILLY,
President

RHODA STECKEL,
Vice-President

RHODA STECKEL,
Treasurer

JANE LAW,
Social Secretary

FIRST PRIZE POETRY CONTEST

A POET'S RECOLLECTIONS

He has seen a wild plum tree
  Clothed in tremulous white,
Watched the snow like ragged stars
  Fall softly in the night.
He has seen a velvet rose,
  Knows where the sweet pools dream,
And, on the forest's ferny floor,
  Has found a crystal stream.
He has seen the copper light
  Of a camp-fire glowing!
He has sailed the sapphire sea
  With a blue mist blowing.
Life is ecstacy for him,
  And even silence sings—
Surely God's eternity
  Blossoms with lovely things!

AN IDEAL

I want a home in the south-land
  Away from the city's eyes,
Where I can walk alone at night
  Beneath the purple skies.
There will be light and airy rooms,
  Broad firesides and soft, old chairs,
And round-eyed children whose footsteps
  Sound on the wooden stairs.
Tall pines will rise to guard the house,
  Mysterious, spicy, still,
And at their feet warm violets
  Dance with the wind at will.
I know that someday I shall find,
  Free from mortal bonds and bars,
This dream-castle. And I shall walk
  Alone beneath the stars.

RUTH LILLY, 1933.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

LEFT TO RIGHT

Front Row: Irving Moxley, Betty Jane Tharp, Rhoda Steckel, Mary Wildhack, Jane Law, Mary DePrez, Eileen Booker.

Second Row: Hope Reisner, Dorothea Craft, Julia Freyn, Marjorie Emerson, Phyllis Harvey.

Third Row: Philena Hamill, Betty Hartong, Alida Sherwood.

Absent: Ruth Lilly, Lynnette Potlitzer.

6 FEET BY 2
PAGE ZIEGFIELD
ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION
IN DAYS OF OLD
11:30 A.M ?
HEAD OVER HEELS
CHOOSE YOUR PARTNERS
THE TUDOR STAMP
SIGNS OF SPRING

FRESHMEN

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

ELEANOR CONNELL,
President

PEGGIE ANN WILLIAMS,
Vice-President

ELEANOR CARTER,
Treasurer

JOEY

HONORABLE MENTION—PROSE CONTEST

Mrs. Agatha Mathews sat by the window reading. The day was dark and dreary, a real "blue Monday." Agatha paused from her reading, looked out of the window and on to her dreary front yard. Yes, she really must take better care of her yard, she thought, but how could she with Joey around to tear up the sod? It was no use.

She slammed the book shut, rose and left the room, glancing at the clock. Two o'clock, four hours until dinner time, and nothing to do.

Agatha decided to eat something or at least nibble on a cookie. Then she thought of her plump figure. No, it mustn't be a cookie, because it's surprising the enormous amount of calories in two square inches of cookie. She proceeded to the kitchen and cut herself a slice of bread which was guaranteed to be absolutely tasteless and free from all fattening vitamins.

Agatha's thoughts returned to Joey. Now where could the little darling be? She hadn't heard or seen him since lunch. Probably down in the basement. Joey was queer that way. He liked basements.

Agatha returned to her reading, but finding after a few minutes that her book was really dull she began to wonder about Joey again. It was very unusual for him to be so quiet. She decided to see what he was doing and where he was doing it. She stepped into the hall and called in her peculiar high-pitched voice, "Joe-eey." No answer.

She then proceeded down the hall and into the kitchen. Again she called, only more loudly and shrilly, "Joe-eey!" Still no answer. Agatha's step quickened; a worried expression clouded her puffy face. She repeated her calling and repeatedly got no answer.

Practically running (or was it waddling?), the very picture of a duck in a hurry, waving her arms like wings to steady herself she reached the phone. She plumped down in the little chair by the telephone, and the chair like one of its ancestors in the tale of the "Three Bears" broke.

Amid the wreckage she reached for the phone, and gasping frantically for the police she groaned to the pleasant voice in the phone, "Oh, I've lost Joey! My little darling, he's gone!" Between her sobbing and gasping the now irate person at the police station gathered that some one by the name of Joey was gone. He had curly, oh, very curly black hair and beautiful brown eyes, and couldn't the police do something?

Then in the midst of it all the policeman heard a faint "oh," and then silence.

The doorbell was ringing impatiently. Agatha dropped the phone and managed to wriggle herself free from the wreckage of the chair. She hurried to the door with pieces of chair caught on her dress like so many tails.

She opened the door and was confronted by a very angry personage sputtering unintelligible sounds and holding a sheet in one hand which might have been taken for shredded wheat. In the other hand he held a very wriggling but pleased-looking goat. His black coat was matted, and in his whiskered jaw hung some more shredded sheet which looked very much as if it might have once belonged to the larger piece already mentioned.

"Oh," gasped Agatha falling to her knees and hugging the goat to her, "Joey!"

PEGGIE ANN WILLIAMS, 1934.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Front Row, Seated: Jacqueline Wolf, Eleanor Carter, Eleanor Connell, Peggie Ann Williams.

Second Row: Helen Lehman, Jean Ann Bolender, Lucille Borinstein.

Standing: Virginia Anderson, Patricia Jones, Maurine Potlitzer, Anne Rauch, Mari Louise Falender.

Absent: Elizabeth Folz, Dorothy Munro, Charlotte Niven, Janet Noyes.

S.O.S!

BODY BY FISHER

RARIN' TO GO

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

IT MAY BE SO BUT.....

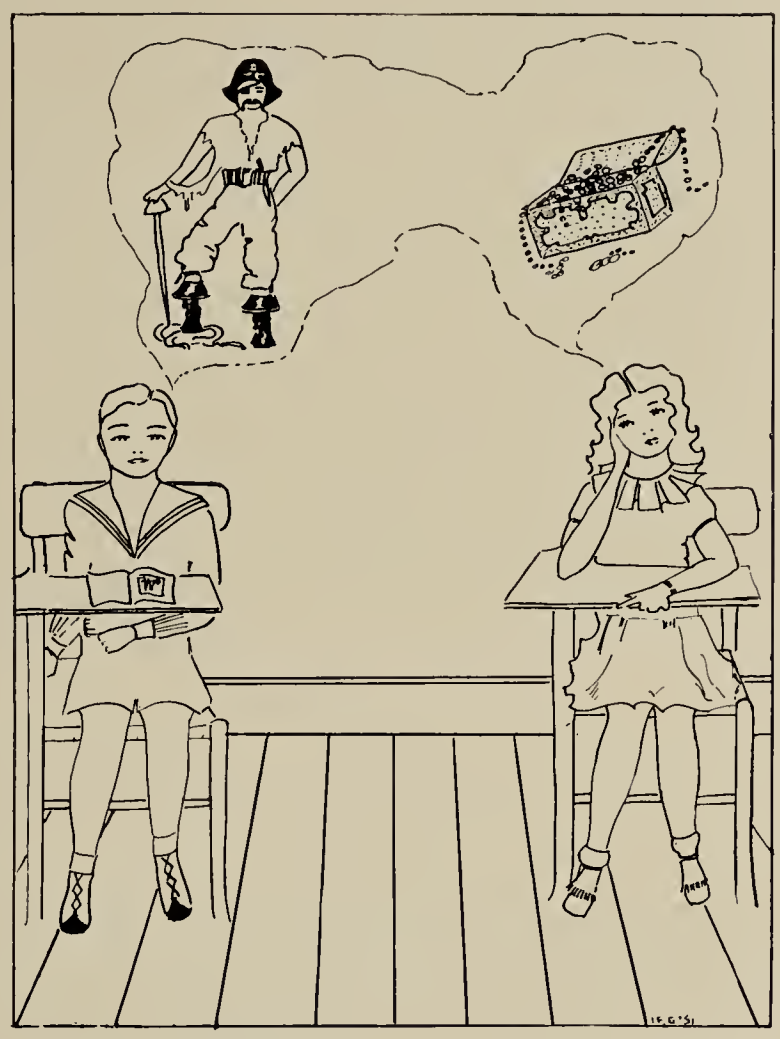
WE KNOW THIS ONE

UNDER COVER

THE MORNING AFTER

CALL A TAXI!

OUR "SPECIALS"



LOWER SCHOOL

EIGHTH GRADE

LEFT TO RIGHT

Front Row: Alice Emerson, Barbara Hickam, Jane Zimmer, Barbara Stafford.

Second Row: Sara Frantz, Patricia Gilliland, Mary Stewart Kurtz, Josephine Mayer.

Third Row: Betty Bowen, Maude Balke, Prudence Brown.

Fourth Row: Dorothy Brooks, Nina Brown.

Fifth Row: Carolyn Stelck, Janice Ball.

Absent: Joan Metzger, Ardith Mettenet.

SEVENTH GRADE

LEFT TO RIGHT

Front Row: Barbara Frantz, Jane Strashun, Jane Morgan, Marjorie Bunch, Roberta Denham.

Second Row: Jane Turner, Virginia Balke, Betty Lee Hoffman, Kathryn Hadley, Betty Gale Boaz.

Absent: Helen Chappell, Jane Drake.

FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES

LEFT TO RIGHT

Seated—Front Row: Barbara Cosler, Harriet Patterson, Helen Griffith, Vera Jane Shaw.

Seated—Middle Row: Martha Ann Schaf, Julia Mary Byrne, Mary Jean Ottinger, Janet Sinclair, Sue Gabe.

Standing—Barbara Jean Brown, Nancy Campbell, Janet Mae Young, Mary Alice Adkins, Barbara Ann Hadley, Florence McNeely, Marybelle Neal.

Absent: Barbara Jean Beckett, Dorothy Metzger.

THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES

LEFT TO RIGHT

Front Row: Barbara Alig, Letitia Sinclair, Mary Horton, Lucile Schaf, Annis Legge, Carolyn Clevenger, Betty Jean Evans, Barbara Wells, Mary Jane Alford, Gloria Strashun.

Second Row: Albertine Palmer, Florence Ellen Cheek, Gloria Griffey, Sylvia Griffith, Shirley Williams, Jean Kerchwal, Georgiana Pierce, Selena Alig, Ruth Yount.

Third Row: Billy Elder, Virginia Binford, Robert MacGill, Anne Elder, Jack Brant, Ethel Joan Mick, Sheldon Sayles, Virginia Smith.

Absent: Lucy Kaufman, Peggy Kahn.

SECOND GRADE

Left Row—Front to Back: John Williams, May Buford Jones, Cynthia Test, Eva Taggart, Marilyn Mulvihill.

Right Row—Front to Back: Mary Louise Cheek, Suzanne Bryan, Agatha Kemper, Ann Marie Sayles, Thomas Binford.

FIRST GRADE

Left to Right: Eleanor [Dickie] Frenzel, Agnes Alig, Walter Vonnegut, Jane Haueisen, Phyllis Newcomb, Evans Harrell, Warren Cheek, Hugh Love, Elizabeth Harding, Joan Morrow, Billy Van Landingham, Jo Ann Rice, Leon Cheek, Katharine Bingham, Ethel Janet White, Patricia Gabe, Jean Horton, Patsy Coolman.

ACTIVITIES

CHRONICLE STAFF

SEATED

Elizabeth Taggart ..... Business Manager
Charlene Buchanan ..... Advertising Manager
Ruth Thomas ..... Editor-in-Chief
Barbara Oakes ..... Literary Editor
Frances Haight ..... Treasurer

STANDING

Mary Lou Shirk ..... Literary Editor
Mildred Spurgeon ..... Snapshot Editor
Kathryn Ewing ..... Literary Editor
Kathryn Burr ..... Athletic Editor

ABSENT

Miss Mackenzie ..... Faculty Advisor
Irma Drake ..... Art Editor
Janet Holliday ..... Part Time Advertising Manager
Sally Adams ..... Literary Editor

ADDITIONAL ASSISTANTS

Literary—Elizabeth Carr, Jane Wands, Jean Shaver, Louise Block.
Business—Alice Green, Marjorie Lynn, Janet Blish, Suzanne Bowerfind, Jeanne Smith.
Art—Mary Paxton Young, Cecily Fletcher.
Snapshots—Mary Holloway.

STUDENT COUNCIL

LEFT TO RIGHT

Seated: Virginia Roberts, Jeanne Smith (President), Judy Chambers, Isabel Morris.

Standing: Jane Zimmer, Eleanor Connell, Elizabeth Hall, Mari Louise Falender, Miss Haber, Nancy Jane Carter, Miss Rood, Betty Lee Hoffman, Mary De Prez.

Absent: Ruth Lilly.

TUDOR CROWN STAFF

Seated: Mary Wildhack; Jean Goldsmith, News Editor; Dorothy Thomas, Business Manager; Laura Louise Metzger, Literary Editor; Charlene Buchanan, Advertising Manager; Hope Reisner.

Standing: Joan Aufderheide; Betty Hartong; Eleanor Frantz; Alma Lyon; Miss McCullough, Faculty Advisor; Betty Noland; Judy Chambers; Peggie Williams; Jacqueline Wolf; Estelle Burpee.

Absent: Ruth Lilly; Diana Dietz.

"THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH"

It is the night of December 6th. In seven minutes the curtain will go up on the Senior presentation of "The Goose Hangs High" by Lewis Beach.

The actresses have taken entire supervision of the make-up and costuming tonight with Charlene Buchanan, Martha Jane Mayer and Frances Haight in charge. This is to be wholly a Senior production. Mildred Spurgeon is to direct activities backstage; Miss Thompson sits in the audience. Mildred has been well supported by the Property and Publicity Managers, Janet Blish and Irma Drake.

The curtain rises on a living room set to show years of wear; in the fireplace a real fire blazes. Elizabeth Taggart and Virginia Roberts as Bernard and Eunice Ingals, father and mother, enter and set the atmosphere of reality by their acting, which they sustain through three acts of family fun and tribulations.

Because of illness Nancy Jane Carter was unable to take her part as Noel Derby, the horticulturist; Suzanne Bowerfind took her place at the last rehearsal. She does exceptionally well.

Kathryn Ewing, as Day, a scheming politician, is an excellent social climber.

Pauline Jane Redding, a typically aristocratic old lady, underneath a typically soft-hearted grandmother, is splendid.

Julia Murdock and her husband Ronald, Dorothy Thomas and Jean Shaver are so competent as critics that they excite our own indignation.

The Ingals twins are young and anxious to be "modern"; Jean Goldsmith as rollicking Bradley and Mary Young as sophisticated Lois play well the dual parts of college bubbles and broken-hearted children.

Hugh Ingals and Dagmar Carroll, interpreted by Alice Green and Ruth Thomas, are both loving and lovable. Alice plays a balanced masculine part against Ruth's finished portrayal of the betrothed.

Louise Block, taking the part of Kathryn Burr, exiled by scarlet fever symptoms, carries on as the ignored servant, while her dog Rudy-Boy runs off with the hearts of the audience.

Jeannette Thoms, the bullying Kimberly, in spite of her fine acting, gets the only black eye.

The performance is over; the cast has responded to the applause; Miss Thompson is being called. The Senior play is history.

BARBARA OAKES, 1931.

POETRY AND PROSE CONTEST

Judges—Miss Mary Pratt (Shortridge), Miss Mackenzie, Miss McCullough
First Prize Poetry—"Group of Poems"—Ruth Lilly
Honorable Mention—"Twilight"—Elizabeth Carr
First Prize Long Prose—"Into Her Own"—Barbara Oakes
First Prize Short Prose—"Romance on a Subway"—Hope Reisner
Honorable Mention—"Joey"—Peggie Ann Williams

INTO HER OWN

I

It was almost six o'clock when Nia entered the house. The lights had been lit, and the shades were drawn, shutting out the beauty of the sunset. She sat down to read the newspaper, lying opened upon the divan. Her mother entered. Nia looked up, nodded. There never had been much show of affection between them, many confidences exchanged.

In the past few years Nia had adopted many of her father's characteristics. She and her mother were almost exact opposites. Nia was tall, her dark hair pulled straight back from her pale, oval face. A small dimple played in a very determined chin, and her eyes, set far apart, were of an indefinite hazel, changeable as her moods.

Elizabeth Towne, not so tall, possessed exceptionally delicate features. The glorious golden brown of her hair was now accentuated by a few early gray hairs. Her eyes were an unimaginative black. Small and dainty, her bearing was of the greatest dignity; she seemed queenly.

"Nia! Not yet dressed? Have you forgotten that we're going to the Webster Jones's for dinner? Hurry! Your father will be ready in a short while."

"Mother! Do *I* have to go? What do I do there but sit and listen to Father and Mr. Jones discuss business or golf? I used to be allowed to run out and play, but," she smiled ruefully, "I'm too old for that now. Must I go?"

"Certainly. They're expecting us at seven."

Understanding this as another demand for haste, Nia left the room, and turned up the broad stairway.

Three quarters of an hour later they were admitted into the large reception room. Nia let her wrap slip from her shoulders into the hands of the waiting butler. Her dull gold evening gown was beautiful in its simplicity. The cream-colored edging seemed to melt into the whiteness of her skin.

"Ah, Miss Nia!" Their host turned lastly to her, as though her presence had just become evident.

Mrs. Webster Jones entered. "Mother is here tonight. She is in the living-room. Shall we go in?"

Nia remembered Mrs. Spradling, a white-haired old lady, who seemed to live in her memories, dull, uninteresting to others, alive and glowing to her. One evening, perhaps six years before, she had found Nia weeping bitterly in the side hall. Nia had wandered away while the others were talking, and lost herself in the maize of passages and dimly lighted rooms. Mrs. Spradling had taken the little girl into her own apartments, and told her stories of her childhood and other, breath-taking, tales, while she fed her cambric tea and cakes.

In the last few years she had aged, but she recognized Nia immediately, and took the girl's slim white hand between her own thin and delicate ones.

"Nia dear, how you have grown! And your curls are done up at last!" But the blue eyes regarded her with approval.

"It seems so natural to see you here, Mrs. Spradling." Nia pulled forward one of the minutely carved, antique chairs, and sat primly upon the edge. "I still remember the runaway story that you told me the last time we were here!"

"This time I want the conversation to be about you, my dear." A smile wavered on the wrinkled face. "You are in high school now."

"Graduating next month."

The gray handkerchief fluttered from the feeble hands to the floor. "And you go to college in the fall?"

Stooping to recover the handkerchief, Nia bit her lip defiantly. The subject brought up again!

"Yes, my application is at Sardell Academy."

Mrs. Spradling's ability to read tones rather than words, and eyes rather than smiles prompted her.

"Would you prefer a larger, Eastern school?"

"No, to tell the truth, I prefer none at all."

"None—?"

"But of course I'm going." Nia's voice was bitter rather than determined.

During dinner the conversation became more general, but afterward she was talking to Mrs. Spradling again.

"I won't monopolize you long, Nia. I'll go to my rooms soon." She sighed. "You are so young and strong! Make the most of your life while you still have the courage and hope. All that youth has is scarcely sufficient. Take the opportunities that are offered you—"

"You mean college?"

Mrs. Spradling ignored the interruption. "There are so many less fortunate than we—than you—that we must help by our own advantages and happiness. This idleness and luxury—where is it getting us, taking us? And when the years have gone, what things except those we have shared with others do we remember with happiness or satisfaction?" The handkerchief was twisted into a tiny ball. "But I cannot expect you to understand. It is too late when we do." Her voice quavered. "I shall go upstairs."

"Oh, please don't!" Nia rose quickly, and stood before her. "I *do* understand! It's just that—"

"Nia, won't you play for us tonight? We can go into the music room. The harp is there." Mrs. Webster Jones's requests were not to be refused. Nia followed her obediently.

II

Commencement: the soft music of the organ; the procession of white-gowned girls down the richly carpeted aisles; the blur of eager faces; finally, the address. The members of the graduating class strained to recognize parents, friends, dates for the dance following. More eyes were upon the exquisitely dressed girls than the speaker. Nia found in his talk something of the plea that she had heard in Mrs. Spradling's two weeks before.

"Your lives, no matter what you may do, will affect others always: in what way and to what end is for you to answer."

Nia's sigh drew Ellen Craine's attention.

"Boring, isn't it?" she whispered.

"No." If others would understand her, her desires and—ambitions! In those she seemed so different from the rest of them. When she grew older must she follow in her mother's step's—a "society leader?" After four years of college what would she do, what would have been planned for her?

The thunder of applause seemed to drown Nia's ruminations. The principal rose. Diplomas were presented. A note from the organ, and thirty fresh young voices joined in singing praise to their Alma Mater. . . .

The auditorium was filled with excited talking and laughter. The girls received congratulations, and the requests of admiring underclassmen soon had depleted their beautiful bouquets, leaving the owners hurrying out to meet their escorts, most of whom had been barred by the crowd going both up and down in the narrow aisles.

"How's it feel to be graduated, Nia?" asked Jack, flicking the ashes from his cigarette.

"Probably the same as it felt a year ago, when you were."

"Speaker was a nice old boy." His sarcasm was not difficult to discern. "Might have known you women would pick some one like that."

Nia said nothing, but drew farther back into the shadow.

They turned up the driveway, toward the clubhouse, ablaze with lights. In the ballroom the walls were lined with teachers, chaperons, interested onlookers. The Commencement dances were always gorgeous affairs. This year's was not a disappointment: Smiles, waltzes, laughter, cottilions, a profusion of flowers, and a cloud of ever-moving black and white gliding to and fro in this mist of youth and gaiety.

Ellen, tall and beautiful, drifted by. She smiled at Nia. "Don't forget our engagement tomorrow at Olson's."

"At one. Right-o!"

Harry whirled her off into a lively fox trot. He said something. She nodded absently. The saxophone blared. Olson's at one. . . . Olson's at one. . . .

III

Olson's at one. Ellen stepped from the car, and turned into the entrance of the city's most fashionable tea room. Nia was not there, so she established herself in sight of the door, and, between powder applications and glances at her wrist watch, thought of Nia.

"She was always so different from the rest of us. Even when we entered the fifth grade together she had streaks of being hard to get along with. Rather—oversensitive, and apt to be horribly tactless. I wonder how she got along before her family came here, but, of course, she was younger then. I *should* like to know what it is about her that so appeals to people, me, for instance. Her good looks, good enough, her sincerity and stand-up-for-her-own-ideals, and then, I suppose, the out of the usual girl is always appreciated. She *is* a dear, at that. Late by ten minutes now, though."

"Sorry you've had to wait," a soft voice said.

Ellen got up leisurely. "Oh, I didn't mind."

They went into the softly lighted tea room. The headwaitress approached.

"I'm sorry, Miss Farley. All the tables are taken. If you had had me reserve one for you, or—"

"Apparently this is my fault. We'll have to wait—." Nia's face suddenly brightened. "There's a darling new place on Third Avenue. We'd have to walk, but it's not so far, and it would be worth it." She saw the older girl hesitate. "Nancy told me about it the other day. They tell your fortune with tea leaves." She had touched Ellen's weak spot.

The reply was immediate. "Let's go! It sounds interesting, though cheap."

"No, I don't believe Nancy would've cared for it if it had been—cheap." Nia led the way out, and they walked slowly toward Third Avenue.

Suddenly Ellen stopped. "We'll have to go through Clancey Street."

"Well?"

"I *refuse* to do that. The buildings are a modified kind of tenement—disgusting and filthy. And it's always swarming with dirty children and old cats. It's a disgrace to have such a place—in what's fairly the heart of the city, at that."

"It is, indeed. But it can't be remedied in a day. Shan't we go on?"

"What's *that* building to be used for?" Ellen allowed herself to be led across the narrow street. "It must be seldom that there's anything new here."

"They're callin' it a sett'ment house, miss."

Ellen drew away from the small, unbelievably ragged boy who had given this information, which he himself so little understood.

Nia ignored her friend's disgusted exclamation and demand for haste. "A settlement house! Are you sure? I hadn't heard about it. But I think it's splendid! You'll have lots of good times there. When will it open?"

"I dunno." He was not interested. A game of marbles, being played in the cluttered street, had claimed his attention.

The shrill scream of a fire-siren sent the players scurrying to the sidewalk, and Ellen and Nia continued on their way to Third Avenue.

"Think of having something like that after all these years, Ellen!"

"What—oh, yes! *Think* of it. Tell, me, Nai, why are you so interested in such things? Nobody else is."

"That's the trouble."

"Oh, don't misconstrue things. You always do. Why don't you enter into more of the things we do? Whatever has made you so morbid?"

"Not morbid. Somehow I've felt always that social service work has been cut out for me."

"Sort of inevitable?"

"Not at all. It's what I *want* to do."

"Oh, Nia, you don't mean that! Why, to throw away all the opportunities you have for that low, filthy work!"

Nia stopped—they were before the entrance of the tea room—and faced her. "It's not low and filthy! You don't know anything about it!"

"Go on, darling; we can't stop here. This *is* a nicer place than I expected."

IV

Nia closed her eyes and sank back against the green plush seat. The train was speeding East through the night.

"Tired, Nia? We ought to be there soon."

"I think I'll go out into the car for a little while." Nia closed the compartment door softly behind her.

"Atlantic City in fifteen minutes, Miss."

"Thank you, George."

There were few people in the car, and Nia took the first unoccupied seat. Lights, less and less infrequent, twinkled past. She watched them idly. Suddenly her attention was caught by the loud conversation of two girls in the seat ahead of her.

"Oh, honey, ya just wasn't yerself at all that day. Honest, I was scared to death, coz I never saw ya so mad before—"

"I *was* mad, Ella. I didn't know what I was doin' or sayin'."

"I didn't blame ya a bit, though, kid. There wasn't no excuse for him."

"That's right. When a fellah don't show up when he says he will, I'm *through!*"

"But no one knew what ya was so griped about, Dot. The way ya went slamming things around and swearing—land! If ya'd asked me to go *any* place with ya that day I wouldn't of. Ya just wasn't yaself that day. Gee, ya sure was mad, all right."

"Yeh, I was mad, all right."

"Ya let him know it, too, didn't ya? I sure would of."

"I let him have a piece o' my mind, and that gave *me* peace of mind." Her giggle was high and shrill. "I'll bet I never have another date with *him,* Ella."

"I wouldn't neither, but ya *was* all up in the air about it, anyways. Got a compact, dearie? I forgot and packed mine. That *is* just like me. Thanks, hon. Gosh, wonder if they'll be at the depot to meet us."

"They'd just better be. We're not goin' to have our week spoiled at the first, that way. That'd make me mad."

"And ya sure can get mad easy, too."

"Yeh, but ya can't blame me—"

Nia went back into the stateroom, at no great loss as to what Ella's answer would be.

Half an hour later the bell boy showed them to their suite.

"Would you like to change your dress and go downstairs, Nia?"

"No, I think I'll take a hot bath and go to bed, Mother. Are you going down? I will if you want me to."

"Never mind. It's almost midnight. If your father is coming at ten tomorrow, we ought to be ready for him." She sighed. "He should have taken a later train."

"He meant to, but the schedules have been changed."

"Yes, I know."

"And, gee, he sure was mad, all right!"

"Nia!"

. . . . . .

"I hope we haven't kept Aunt Anne waiting, Mother. But this is the hotel, isn't it?"

"Yes. Tell them to stop."

They left their wheel-chairs and turned into the entrance. A tall, pleasant-faced woman rose from one of the chairs and

came toward them. Both her hands were extended in greeting, and Nia grasped one eagerly.

"I thought that we were going up to your room, Anne."

"But, Elizabeth, the tea-garden on the opposite pier is lovely! I thought we'd go across to it. I was in Dorsey shortly after you left last week, getting some statistics for the company. I was so disappointed in missing you, but I resolved not to when I came on here. This is a nice table, don't you think?"

"Yes, this will be perfect, Aunt Anne. The view is marvelous. I like the ocean better on a cloudy day than in the sunshine. What statistics were you gathering?"

"Some about the new settlement house. I think it's a wonderful place."

"How is your father, Anne? The failure of the bank must have been such a shock."

"He bore it all surprisingly well, Elizabeth. We moved to a smaller house in a suburb. He would love to see you if you go through on your way home."

"Is it going to be opened soon?"

"What, Nia? Oh—yes, the first of September, if they have a large enough staff. There are enough outside workers, but the teaching staff has only a few on it at present, although they are accepting some without actual training and experience, if they are sufficiently interested in the work. The success of the music department is the greatest worry. It would be lovely if you could play for the children some evening, Nia."

"Down in the settlement house! Anne, what do you mean?" Mrs. Towne's face was rigid.

"Why, my dear, I thought you were vitally interested in those projects, or at least in sympathy with them. How could you be otherwise after your adoption of Nia?"

"Anne!"

"Auntie!"

"Elizabeth, doesn't she *know?*"

"Am I—adopted? Mother—tell me!"

"Nia dear! Oh—yes, it's true. O Anne, after all these years!"

V

The wind whipped about her ankles. The snow, gray with soot, crunched under her hastening feet. It was almost dark, but her way was not lit by the yellow rays of the lamps that shone in almost every other part of the great city. The houses she passed were dark and cheerless. They were not houses; they were scarcely more than hovels, and in their dirty, broken windows hung no wreath of remembrance of our Saviour's birth, celebrated in other, happy homes. The girl paused as she approached the lighted corner, then turned down a broader street, along which an occasional vehicle passed. One might have seen now that her arms were full of bundles—not Christmas bundle's surely: tied in coarse, brown paper and heavy string. The bright ribbon, the crinkling tissue, the air of mystery, were sadly missing.

A flurry of snow fluttered through the air, but the girl slackened her pace instead of increasing it. She was very tired. The kind of Christmas shopping which had filled her afternoon was far different from the careful but unlimited buying which before had been a part of the season. She wondered if, after all, she had been wise in giving up the comfort and opportunities of her former life. What could one person do amidst this misery and squalor? Would the children enjoy their Christmas party tonight, really get out of it half that was being put in? How could they—how could anyone—realize the sacrifice and labor that were necessarily expended every hour to make worthwhile a few of the wretched lives, miserably lived in unhappiness and sin? One human being battling against this seemingly unconquerable problem! And the other workers at the House — was their struggle any more successful? The bitter wind was embittering her thoughts. She should not have attempted—

Suddenly the Settlement House loomed up in front of her. Wearily she climbed the steps. As her hand touched the knob, the door was opened wide, the warmth and light from within enveloped her, and she was hurried into the peaceful cheer, her packages taken from her aching arms.

"O Nia, what *would* we do without you!"

PROPHECY

Sally Adams has leased a cottage by the seashore where she can cast her nets and catch the poor fish, hook, line and sinker.

We see Janet Blish, Toastmistress of the Women's Federation of Husband-Hunters in America, about to propose another famous toast, "To the land we love and vice versa."

Louise Block's accent is proving invaluable to her in her work in Block's French room, where Tudor students and alumnae flock to her on account of her excellent advice and good taste.

Suzanne Bowerfind was waylaid one dark night by one jealous of her long, black eyelashes. Happily she recovered and lived to become a world-famous clothes connoisseur.

Anna Marie Brown, following her chief desire, has become a French teacher at Culver.

Charlene Buchanan is now the alluring blond on the billboards of the latest Palmolive Ads.

Kathryn Burr now runs a day nursery for little Osages out of pure love for the Indian race.

Elizabeth Carr after writing that best-selling novel, "How Coeds Can Attract Men," turned around and married a professor so she might lead a gay college life a few years longer.

Nancy Jane Carter after trying to decide whether to live in Asheville, Texas, or Oregon, finally became a traveling saleslady so she could keep in touch with all three places.

In late years Amelia Cheek has kept a home for aged and forlorn males where she and the inmates spend their time reminiscing of the days when she went steady with each one.

Jane Diddel, as we feared, ended up as the soda jerker in the Tudor "Tonsil Tickler Shop" recently established in the library.

Irma Drake was last seen driving on the Bloomington road in an electric. When asked if she expected to reach her destination she replied: "If Mrs. Hutchison could, why can't I?"

Considering Kitty Ewing's desire for social uplift and her fondness for horses, we are not surprised to hear of her as the country's foremost circuit rider.

Cecily Fletcher is a gondolier in Venice. She rows lovers out on moonlight nights and watches with longing and thirsty eyes each individual romance.

Jean Goldsmith, who always wanted to wear knickers, but unfortunately never got the chance to, finally became a golf Pro to satisfy this desire.

Alice Green has moved her abode to Zanesville where she has taken to raising Marquettes.

Bunchy Haight has been an entrant in the Indianapolis Speedway for several years without success. It isn't that she lacks speed. She always runs out of gas.

Marion Hamm is the first woman candidate for President of the United States. She owes her huge political success to her oratorical ability and persuasive power.

Bicky Heiskell is the happy House Mother of the Phi Delts out at Butler.

Eleanor Henchel is now the best known rumrunner between Detroit and Windsor.

Janet Holliday has just opened her new school in Alabama in the hope of teaching Southerners the art of drawling.

Mrs. Samuel D. Williamson, née Mary Holloway, lives in California, where her husband is Vice-President of the Gray Bar Electric Corporation.

Marjorie Lynn has joined the Irish Free State, where she can wear green to her heart's content.

PROPHECY

Lucy Jane Link is one of the foremost bareback riders of Barnum and Bailey's Show. Between show seasons she helps the trainers in Louisville to get the horses in shape for the Kentucky Derby.

The "Mayer School for Stammerers and Stutterers" headed by Martha Jane reports astonishing success.

Frances Meeks graduated from Sweet Briar and is contemplating one of these three careers—polo player, blues singer, or dog catcher.

Laura Louise Metzger has organized a matrimonial agency to supply brides for all her rejected suitors.

Ruth Neely is flying high, and has made a name for herself by her record-breaking flights in her monoplane "The Tudor."

Barbara Oakes for the last five years has been engaged in writing the 193,621 installments of her thrilling serial entitled "It Won't Be Long Now!"

Pauline Jane Redding is the star of the current Broadway success "Paulina Redeemed."

Pat Roberts has invented the Ever-Neat Comb and serves as a living example of its efficiency.

Jean Alice Shaver has become a successful seller of Nash cars. Her success is of course due to the fact that she gives private instructions to each buyer.

Mary Louise Shirk has at last satisfied her desire for a quiet, peaceful life. She has settled down in a quiet New England Village, and, when last heard from, she had married a clergyman and was bringing up a flourishing family of five demure little girls.

Jeanne Smith has satisfied her secret life-long desire and become Editor-in-Chief of that pamphlet which is stirring the nation to fever-heat, entitled, "How and Why Ant-Eaters Exist."

Mildred Spurgeon, when she was in school at Washington, met an army officer whom she married. They moved to South Africa and Mildred now spends her time shooting mosquitoes and swatting tigers.

The years after college find Ruth Street in New York City, following up a journalistic career. She is said to be the star reporter on the New York Times.

Elizabeth Taggart has married the pickle king, the wealthiest man in the U. S. and is living happily with her 57 children in Paris.

Dot Thomas has always admired big "he-men" exceedingly, and that fact proved to be her downfall, for Dot married a big egg and chicken man from Utah and spends her days running incubators.

Ruth Thomas has published recently a book of short stories about her life in Hollywood.

Jeannette Thoms is Hostess at the Club Lido.

Jane Wands is head of the Latin Department of the University of Southern California.

Mary Paxton Young may be heard crooning harmonious numbers over station I. M. Q. T.

Barbara Oakes
Kathryn Ewing
Mary Lou Shirk
Sally Adams
Jean Shaver
Louise Block
Ruth Thomas

WILL

We, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-One, believing ourselves to possess "mens sana in corpora sano" do hereby bequeath our dearest belongings to the following:

Sally Adams's collection of military jewelry to the United States government, so that in the next war they can be melted and used for medals.

Janet Blish's vim and vigor to little Diana Dietz, in the forlorn hope that it will give her a happier outlook on life.

Louise Block's appendix to the Children's Museum, where all Tudorites to come may go to see a relic of their school in its 20th century days.

Suzanne Bowerfind's ability to get the personal signatures of famous men to anyone who has her nerve.

Anna Marie Brown's hair-curling fluid to Lynnette Potlitzer.

Charlene Buchanan's winning way of getting Ads from business men to Eileen Booker.

Kay Burr's admiration for gardenias to anyone with expensive tastes.

Elizabeth Carr's happy invention of tacking her collar on to her P.T.—thereby fooling the world—to some clever child like Jean Anne Bolender.

Nancy Jane Carter's white kid gloves, which she wears conscientiously every day to school, to Mrs. Hutchison to be used as baseball mits.

Amelia Cheek's time piece she has been wearing this year to the Senior Study Hall Wall, in hopes that in future years the girls will follow her excellent example of always being on time to school.

Jane Diddel's complete indifference to Estelle Burpee.

Irma Drake's Chrysler roadster to Helene Petri. Maybe it'll last a week or two.

Kitty Ewing's gift of oratory to the dumbest member of the 1932 class.

Cecily Fletcher's gorgeous mop of curls to the Dramatics class to be converted into a wig and used whenever an alluring blonde is needed.

Jean Goldsmith's seat by the Dictionary to Alida Sherwood who, we think, needs the help of this illuminating book.

Alice Green's numerous crushees to Edith Mann.

Bunchy Haight wills the money she hasn't been able to collect this year to the unemployed and feels confident of an economic revolution.

Marion Hamm's ability to get out of Study Hall to Ruth Noblitt in hopes of Tommy's future success.

Bicky Heiskell's rosy cheeks to the Make-up Managers of Tudor Hall Theatricals.

Eleanor Henchel's acclaimed ability of saying more words to the minute than any living creature to the thoughtful Marjorie Kitselman.

WILL

Janet Holliday's red Chevrolet and little bottle of Listerine to Irving Moxley.

Mary Holloway's marked athletic ability to Miss Slawson.

Lucy Jane Link's enormous hairpins to the school to be used as the wickets of Tudor's future Croquet course.

Marjorie Lynn's knack of wearing hats at a 45° angle to Miss Wilson so that she can illustrate her angles by this demonstration.

Laura Louise Metzger's daily Special to Mrs. Ives, who has often expressed an emphatic desire for it.

Martha Jane Mayer's optimism to Dorothy Monro.

Frances Meeks's love of roses and appreciation of a good joke to Libby Hall.

Ruth Neely's seat in the sun in Study Hall to the cold-blooded Eleanor Frantz.

Barbara Oakes's ability to concentrate in Senior Study Hall to Alice Fulton who, we think, may seriously need it next year.

Pauline Jane Redding's ability to locate places on a map to any future Senior who takes Ancient History.

Pat Roberts's stunning wig which she wore in the Senior play to Mary Wildhack.

Jean Shaver's marked ability to captivate notable men such as Abbé Dimnet to Miss Rowe.

Mary Lou Shirk's D. A. R. fanaticism to Dorothea Craft, who should take more interest in things of this sort.

Mildred Spurgeon's selected date list to her sister, Suzanne, with this provision: that she treat the boys nicely and see that they are in a good humor when she returns Christmas vacation.

Jeanne Smith's brown eyes to anyone in the Junior Class who is seeking some. She avers that they are of traditional good quality and outstanding for campus wear.

Ruth Street's permanent wave to Catherine Vogel.

Lib Taggart's art of caricature to Miss Haber so that she can further entertain Study Hall next year.

Dot Thomas, curious as to what the effect would be, wills her blonde tresses to Alma Lyon.

Ruth Thomas's radiant smile to Marjorie Emerson, to be used before exams.

Jeannette Thoms's ability to have her drawers and closet straight on Monday morning to Hope Reisner.

Jane Wands's lovely soprano voice to Mr. Pfohl to bestow as he sees fit.

Mary Paxton Young's varied assortment of magazines to Mrs. Hendrickson for future reference.

Witnessed by:
BARBARA OAKES
KATHRYN EWING
MARY LOU SHIRK
SALLY ADAMS
JEAN SHAVER
LOUISE BLOCK
RUTH THOMAS

ATHLETICS

SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right: Jeanne Smith, Elizabeth Taggart, Elizabeth Heiskell, Jane Wands, Laura Frances Haight, Virginia Roberts, Jean Alice Shaver (captain).
Absent: Sally Adams, Irma Drake.

GAMES

February 23: Sophomores 31—Freshmen 11
March 2: Juniors 26—Freshmen 15
March 10: Seniors 35—Freshmen 7

JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right: Mona Taggart, Elizabeth Hall, Judy Hall, Evelyn Moore, Marjorie Kitselman (captain), Ruth Noblitt, Betty Noland, Helene Petri, Mary Alice Moore.
Absent: Diana Dietz.

SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right: Phyllis Harvey, Eileen Booker, Hope Reisner, Betty Jane Tharp, Mary DePrez (captain), Rhoda Steckel, Philena Hamill, Lynnette Potlitzer, Alida Sherwood.

GAMES

March 12: Sophomores 26—Juniors 12
March 17: Seniors 31—Juniors 11
March 19: Sophomores 20—Seniors 17

FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right: Helen Lehman, Jean Ann Bolender, Maurine Potlitzer, Mari Louise Falender (captain), Lucille Borinstein, Jacqueline Wolf, Patricia Jones.
Absent: Dorothy Munro.

HUNTING?
VICTORY SMILE
FRESH ON ICE
WHOA!!
HAVING THEIR UPS AND DOWNS
40 TO LOVE
BEFORE THE CRASH
SITTING PRETTY
FORE

HUMOR

HUMOR

Major F

"Run through the scale and flat the B.
  Now once again!" she cried.
But still the B was natural,
  No matter how I tried.

From A I went to B and C,
  To help me get it pat,
And learn that in the scale of F
  The B is always flat.

At lessons I played all the scales;
  At home I stuck to C,
Manoeuvering so I would not have
  To flat that lovely B.

For inwardly I really think
  —But how can she know that?—
The B that's plain and natural
  Much nicer than the flat.

Its tone is soft, its pitch is true;
  So now it's clear to see
It will take a lifetime's lessons
  To make me flat the B.

Barbara Oakes, 1931.

"Was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

Miss McCullough: "Why?"

"Well, it says here that he sat on his chest!"

"Give me youth," cried Miss Haber, "and especially the one who tore up that paper."

Diana Dietz: "It's to be a battle of wits!"

Marjorie Kitselman: "How brave of you to go unarmed!"

Miss McCullough (patiently): "A philanthropist is someone who loves his men. Janet, give me an example of one."

Janet Noyes: "Most any of the girls at Tudor."

Janet Blish: "My mouth feels like a parade ground!"

Sue Bowerfind: "How come?"

Janet Blish: "Two dentists have been drilling on my teeth for an hour."

Lady: "Do you go to Tudor?"

Mary DePrez: "Naw—I'm sent!"

The Lady or the Staircase?

Being circular one can look straight down from the top.

A New Species

Miss McKee: "If 'equus' is the masculine, meaning 'horse,' what would 'equa' mean?"

Bright Pupil: "I know—'cow'!"

Miss McKee: "What are centurionships in an army?"

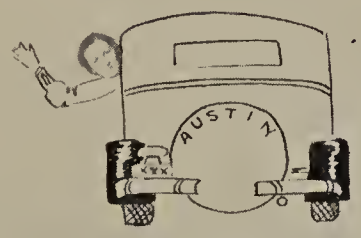
Alert Pupil: "Are they like those ships with two rows of oars?"

I'm just trying to let it grow.
Hair I'm speaking of, you know.
It's so much bother, I really think
That I'm just on the very brink
Of cutting it off, but then, oh gee!
A long haired girl I'd like to be.
It hangs all over the back of my neck,
And makes me feel that I look like heck.
But I don't care, and I don't mind,
As long as there'll be a knot behind.

Virginia Roberts, 1931.

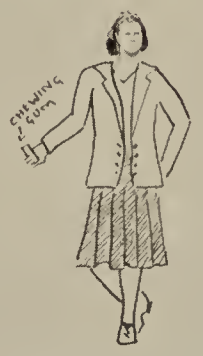
BELIEVE IT OR NOT

(WITH APOLOGIES TO RIPLEY)



"BUNCHY" DOESN'T LIKE AUSTINS BECAUSE THEY DON'T USE ENOUGH GAS.

THIS IS THE SIREN OF TUDOR HALL HITTING HIGH "C" IN CHORUS (BY REQUEST)



DORTHY HAS NOT A CRUSH ON ANYONE AT ALL. CONTRARY TO PUBLIC OPINION

THIS IS AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF TUDOR'S MOST MODERN YOUNG LADY (PROOF GIVEN ON REQUEST)

"DINNY" IS TRYING FRANTICALLY TO BURY HER "PAST" ON THE SHORES OF WAWASEE

THE DELICIOUS FLAVOR OF MISS SLAWSON'S CANDY IS DUE TO ONE TEASPOONFUL OF "ROUGH ON RATS" THAT SHE ALWAYS ADDS.

THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN OF A GROUP OF TUDOR GIRLS AFTER MAKE-UP WAS FORBIDDEN BY STUDENT COUNCIL

LUCY HURRIED SO MUCH THIS TIME THAT SHE WAS DRESSED IN ONLY 45 MINUTES—BUT HOW!

DO YOU BELIEVE IT BUT NOT SO VERY LONG AGO DORTHY WAS IN THE EIGHTH GRADE? AND NOW!

ROMANCE ON A SUBWAY

FIRST PRIZE—SHORT PROSE CONTEST

It was a bleak cold, dirty Wednesday morning in New York. Jane thought about its bleakness and coldness and dirtiness as she waited for her subway. Her thoughts were depressing, and slowly they turned to herself and her life as anyone's thoughts usually do turn to oneself and one's life. What was there in her life? What was there to live for, work for, strive for, and grow old for? The same old drag day after day. The same people, the same work, the same emptiness, the same dirtiness, and the same subway.

The girl in the picture show was a girl of her own class, one who caught the 7:45 subway every morning, yet she had found romance, and, strangely enough, on a subway. Could she, Jane, meet such a good-looking man on a subway? Could he care for her and turn out in the end to be rich? What were her chances for such life, such heaven? She, selling sheets on the sixth floor. Yet the girl in the show was a waitress. Could it possibly happen? Was it true to real life?

Of course not! How silly! A rich man on the 7:45 . . . It was such a lovely idea though. Maybe someday she'd get her chance. Ah, but where, when, how? Romance on a subway—that was funny. Romance on a subway—that was impossible, unutterable; yet it appealed. Romance on a subway. . . .

The 7:45 came round the bend, and Jane climbed on. She looked swiftly and keenly at each of her companions of the moment. They were exactly the people that had been on the 7:45 the day before, the day before that, and the day before that. The shipping man with a grisly beard and the eagle-eyed hawked-nosed man from "Macy's" basement were the only men with the motley arrayed girls on the subway. What chance? Romance on a subway! Ha!

HOPE REISNER, 1933.

TWILIGHT

HONORABLE MENTION—POETRY CONTEST

Twilight and stillness and rain—
Gray mists swirled softly on,
Creeping relentlessly toward me
Where I stood alone
And felt the cool, soothing touch
Of the gentle rain washing the air,
Giving it once again
A fresh, clean scent and taste
Such as only can be felt in the new spring.

Then the darkening shadows stole on tiptoe,
Swiftly, silently covering with their mantles of night
The vague shapes of the gnarled apple trees
Like bent old gnomes.
From beyond the orchard over the wall
A mellow, friendly light gleamed
And I went,
Leaving the mists and the shadows and rain.

ELIZABETH CARR, 1931.

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